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disclosing a heart of gold beneath his enthusiasm for a quack skin-cure. As for Septimus himself, he cannot help but hold the hearts of all his readers.

Miss Sedgwick's tale* is interesting in conception and exquisitely carried out, even from the standpoint of those for whom "the play's the thing." The web of complication about the worldly woman, the selfish husband, the young novelist and the inexperienced, deep-hearted country girl who sins and gladly pays a penalty of twenty years of isolation and deprivation is well woven and holds the interest to the last. The character-drawing is subtle and skilful, the style and diction refined, and the point of view truthful and noble. If we were to find any fault at all, it would be that Miss Sedgwick, like so many of the authors of the day, makes too great concessions to the fashion for a slight structure. In this book the theme is profound enough to have made a great book, but no really great novel can be so condensed that we can run it through between lunch and tea. We shall never know and love the characters in these slim novels, as we did those of the great Victorian period. They were the friends of a lifetime; but these people, bowing themselves in and out of our acquaintance in an afternoon, are but chance callers, people infected by the press and rush of modern life who seem to run in and say, hurriedly: "Yes, this is my problem which I state to you as quickly as possible; life is full of difficulties and open questions and odd solutions; mine is just one of many. I hope I have not kept you too long; I have hurried as much as I could, and really there is no time for anything in life, anyhow. Good-by!" Of Miss Sedgwick's novel we can heartily say that we would have thought more highly of it if it had had an extra hundred and fifty pages.

* "Amabel Channice." By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1908.